Bish. Ah my good Lord, the State's abusde,
And our decrees most shamefully prophan'd.
Kin. How? or by whom?
Bish. Euen by this heretike,
This Iew, this Traitor to your Maiesty.
Cob. Prelate thou lyest, euen in thy greasie maw,
Or whosoeuer twits me with the name,
Of either Traitor, or of heretike.
Kin. Forbeare I say: and byshop, shew the cause
From whence this late abuse hath bene deriu'd.
Bish. Thus mighty King: by generall consent
A messenger, was sent to scite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And comming to his house, a Ruffian slaue,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of vs, and our proceedings, makes him eate
The written Processe, parchment, seale and all;
Whereby his master neither was brought foorth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our authority.
Kin. When was this done?
Bish. At six a clocke this morning.
Kin. And when came you to Court?
Cob. Last night my Liege.
Kin. By this it seemes he is not guilty of it,
And you haue done him wrong t'accuse him so.
Bish. But it was done my Lord by his appointment,
Or else his man durst not haue bene so bold.
Kin. Or else you durst bee bold to interrupt
And fill our eares with friuolous complaints.
Is this the duty you do beare to vs?
Was't not sufficient we did passe our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestall
Our Regall power, must likewise summon him?

This

This sauours of Ambition, not of z
And rather proues you malice his
Than any way that he offends the
Go too, we like it not: and hee y
Had his desert for being insolent,
That was imployd so much amiss
So Cobham when you please, you
Cob. I humbly bid farewell vnt
Kin. Farewell: what's the new
Hun. Sir Roger Acton, and a c
Of bold seditious Rebels, are in
Intending reformation of Religio
And with their army they intend
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be re
Kin. So neere our presence? D
And will proud warre and eager
Whom we had thought to enter
Presse forth vpon vs in our Natiu
Must we be forc'd to hansell our
In England heere, which we prep
Well, a Gods name be it. What
Or who's the cheefe Commande
Hun. Their number is not kn
But tis reported, Sir Iohn Old-c
Is the cheefe man, on whom the
Kin. How? the Lord Cobhan
Hun. Yes my gracious Lord.
Bish. I could haue told your M
Before he went, but that I saw y
Was too much blinded by his f
Suf. Send poast my Lord to f
But. Traitor vnto his Countr
And seem'd as innocent as Truth
Kin. I cannot thinke it yet he
But if he be, no matter, let him g
Weel meet both him and them

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